

by whitetigerwolf

## Harry's Siryn

**\*\*Here is a sequel to my story Harry Helason. Like its predecessor, it is a One-Shot. A couple quick notes, this takes place after the Avengers movie and I am disregarding the events of Thor: the Dark World, because although I love the movie, it doesn't fit the story I have in my head.\*\***

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Clint and Natasha, still agents of S.H.E.I.L.D., occasionally left on

missions for the agency. Though due to the media surrounding the Avengers, they didn't do any undercover work anymore. It was too much of a risk.

Tony had gone back to Malibu for a bit, but after his home was destroyed by A.I.M., he moved into the tower permanently.

Bruce had only left once, when his cousin Jennifer Walters had been shot by a mobster. He was very close-lipped about the trip. But a few weeks later it became evident why when Jennifer Walters, a lawyer, had turned up to court, dressed in a pristine business suit, but standing much taller than before and with green skin.

Tony had immediately contacted her about being the Avenger's legal representative, and now she had a floor to herself in the tower, as well as being another Avenger.

Steve just roamed the streets, still trying to get use to everything that had changed since World War II.

Thor called the tower home whenever he was on Midgard, as did Loki.

Loki, as it turned out, had his mind controlled during the invasion. As punishment for his crimes, Odin had decreed that he aid Thor and the Avengers in defending the very world he tried to conquer.

The first few weeks of Loki's punishment had been rather tense, until he saved the rest of the team from the illusions of an Asgardian sorceress named Amora, who was enamored with Thor.

Of course, all of this was unknown to Harvaldr 'Harry' Helason, Savior of Magical Britain, The-Boy-Who-Lived, and the bastard son of Thor and Hela. Oh, he knew the tower was the Headquarters of the Avengers, and he had a good idea who they were, but he didn't really know much about them beyond what his father had told him.

And he'd yet to actually meet his grandfather.

Despite being a bastard, Thor actually had a fairly good relationship with Harry. Although Hela had given Harry the knowledge needed to use his war-hammer, named Marauder, Thor had helped Harry refine his technique. And although Harry still couldn't best his biological father, he could hold his own against the older Asgardian.

Though as he had more time to spend with Hela, who was a sorceress of power herself, he was very well versed in magic.

The young man resembled his father in build. With wide shoulders, a narrow waist, bulging muscles, and a boyish charm, Hela often joked about he had inherited all of Thor's good traits, and none of his faults.

She blamed his temper on her, rather than Thor, as he was someone who would let that anger simmer before unleashing it.

From his mother, he had inherited her black hair and green eyes.

Currently, Harry was in New York because Thor wanted to introduce him

to Jane Foster, his Midgardian girlfriend (though Thor referred to her as his lady). He wasn't actually expected until tomorrow morning, but he'd cut his visit to the Weasley's short due to a family dispute.

It seemed that, while he was in Asgard, Hel, and Niffleheim, Ginny had started seeing Draco Malfoy. This was uncovered during his visit, and her family wasâ€|displeased.

Harry had decided it would be best to leave.

Flying to New York, he'd decided to walk to the Tower. Rather than his black and green armor, which he had gotten used to wearing, he wore a black suit with a green silk shirt. With his hair, which now fell to his shoulders and (thanks to a spell his mother had taught him, as she also had unruly hair) neatly combed, he made a rather handsome figure walking down the streets of New York.

Knowing he wasn't expected quite yet, Harry decided to find a decent bar, get a few drinks, and then find a hotel for the night.

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Theresa Cassidy was trying to drown her sorrows.

The Irish mutant was a criminal, like her uncle, 'Black' Tom Cassidy, the man who had raised her. Unlike Tom however, she didn't enjoy criminal life. In fact were it not out of respect for her uncle, she wouldn't help him.

She wanted out, but didn't know what to do.

Which was why the twenty year old woman, with help from a very good fake id, was trying to drown her sorrows with a bottle of whiskey. However her attention was drawn to the door as it opened, and a handsome man that must be only a few years older than her stepped in. He was dressed finely, with a green silk shirt, and a custom fitted black suit.

Even with the suit, she could tell the man was heavily muscled.

Theresa contemplated for a moment. She was a virgin, as despite being a criminal. Tom hadn't really let her out of his sight much, and she wasn't really inclined to sleep around. Still—alcohol obviously wasn't helping her sorrows. Perhaps a good romp in bed would.

Making up her mind as the man ordered a scotch, Theresa stood up and approached him.

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"Hi," a feminine voice said from beside him, causing Harry to turn and see a beautiful red-haired young woman with green eyes and cream colored skin sitting next to him.

He grinned lightly. "Hello," he greeted, before taking a sip of his drink (which was nowhere near the strength of the meads his father had introduced him to in Asqard, or the wine his mother had made in



fall to her waist, exposing her firm, D-cup breast. Godâ€¦if she had known sex could be as fantastic as it was last night, she'd have lost her virginity years ago.

Harry really was a fantastic lover.

Having noticed she was awake, Harry carried over a tray filled with foods. Smiling he said, "Morning, I trust you slept well?"

She snorted as he set the tray in front of her, revealing a fluffy Belgian waffle, bacon, and toast, along with large glasses of orange juice and milk. "As if you didn't know I was exhausted," she said, smelling the food. "This smells delicious."

"Thank you," he said with a grin, causing her to look up at him. "Not only did I cook everything," he gestured to the in-suite kitchen, "but you are giving me a fantastic view at the moment."

Blushing lightly, but knowing he'd seen (and tasted, god his tongue was amazing) much more last night, she ignored him and took a bite of the food.

[illegible]

"Are you sure about this?" Theresa asked as Harry held the taxi door for her.

Harry had convinced her to come met his father with him. Telling her that his father wouldn't mind, and that he wasn't the kind of man that fucked a woman and left.

After some resistance, she had reluctantly agreed.

If asked however, she would deny that she was hoping desperately for a repeat of last night, which was why she had agreed. If she stayed close to Harry, the odds of a repeat performance were much higher.

Harry rolled his eyes, but grinned. "Yes," he said. "Father keeps telling me I need a woman besides Mother in my life, and he enjoys meeting new people. Frankly, he'll be ecstatic and probably give you a large bear hug in greeting before slapping me on the back and announce that we all need to drink to celebrate."

With a sigh, Theresa climbed into the cab.

[illegible]

"Avenger's Tower," Theresa muttered, "Your father lives in Avenger's Tower?"

"Yes," Harry supplied, as he lead the young woman towards the large building.

"Why?"

"Because he is an Avenger," Harry added, ignoring the stunned look on the redheads face. Opening the door to the lobby for her, he added, "My father is Thor Odinson, Crowned Prince of Asgard."

Thor apparently understood the message, because he said, "Now I shall introduce my companions," he said, before gesturing to each of them as he said their names. Finally he came to the two most important introductions. "This is your grandfather, Loki, and Jane Foster, whom

I am courting."

Harry reached forward and shook Jane's hand. "A pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise," Jane said, a little unsurely.

Harry then turned to Loki. "Grandfather," he greeted.

Loki kept opening and closing his mouth in shock.

"Come," Thor said, slapping his son on the back, "let us talk," before leading his son away, leaving Theresa alone with the other Avengers.

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As soon as Thor and Harry where gone, Clint asked Loki, "How can Harry be your grandson and Thor's son? Aren't you two brothers, even if you are adopted?"

Loki winced slightly before answering, "Hela, my daughterâ€¦ coerced, for lack of a better term, Thor into sleeping with and impregnating her. Harry was the, apparent, result."

"Isn't Hela the Norse god of the dead?" Jane asked.

Loki nodded. "Indeed. My daughter rules over the realms of Niffleheim and Hel, where the wicked and unremarkable dead dwell."

"So Harry's a nightfury?" Tony quipped.

At the confused looks he got from his fellow Avengers, he explained, "The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself." When no one reacted he asked, "Am I the only one that's seen \_How to Train Your Dragon?\_"

"Yes," Natasha answered, before looking at Theresa. "Cassidy, are by any chance related to Sean Cassidy?"

Theresa frowned, before nodding, "Yes, he was my father."

"Was?" Clint asked. "I know he's a busy guy, being an Interpol agent and all, but I don't think he's the kind of guy to disown his own kid."

Theresa looked up sharply. "My father is dead. He died before I was even born," she said with a glare.

Bruce shrugged, "Maybe it's a different Sean Cassidy," he supplied.

"One way to find out," Tony said, before walking over to a screen and saying, "JARVIS, pull up all information you can find on an Interpol agent named Sean Cassidy."

"Of course sir," the AI responded, causing Theresa to jump.

Moments later, Tony pulled up a picture and asked, "This your dad?"

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**\*\*Special shout-out to Ardent Aspen, an anonymous reviewer of Harry Helason, for providing Tony's joke. Their review was: Oh good heavens! Harry is a Night Fury! ("Unholy offspring of Lightning and Death itself") actually, if you ever continue this, it'd be hilarious if someone called Harry/Harvaldr a Night Fury\*\***

**\*\*If you don't realize, Theresa Cassidy is Siryn, mutant daughter of Sean Cassidy who is also known as Banshee.\*\***

**\*\*I hope you enjoyed. And I may, or may not continue the adventures of Harvaldr Helason depending on if the muse strikes again.\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, Please Review, Check Out the Challenges in My Forums, and the Stories I have up for Adoption, under the Title: \*\*\*\*\_Please Adopt Me!\_\*\***

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file.